Stocking Stuffers

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Stocking Stuffers

by VisceralViscaria

Summary

A bunch of little Christmas themed stories. They can be read as loosely connected or not, depending on what you prefer. Most are prompt based.

Notes

Alright, so, I'm working on a main fic for Christmas right now but I saw a lot of cute Christmas prompts and had a few runaway plot bunnies. I am weak. Sometimes I combine more than one prompt per story. I'll link to the prompts at the end of each chapter (all of them so far have come from OTPPrompts, but if people have ideas for little things they can send them to me. Can't promise I'll write them, but you never know). This will probably update sporadically and I don't know how many chapters I'll end up with. The stories are going to be from different perspectives.

See the end of the work for more notes

Eye to Eye - Part 1

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will have a little trouble seeing eye to eye when it comes to Christmas.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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"Really?"

Hannibal watched wide blue eyed regard him curiously from beneath a head of messy curls. The crayon in Will's hand had stilled, drawing of a reindeer temporarily forgotten. He nodded, not understanding why Will was frowning at him from across the table.

"You've really never heard of Frosty the Snowman?" He bit his lip, glancing down to the paper in front of him. "What about Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer...?"

Shaking his head from side to side, he frowned as well. A quick peek at the drawing showed that it did, in fact, have a red nose. He hadn't asked when Will had added it in but now he wondered if he should have. "I don't know what either of those are."

Will stared at him silently before suddenly beaming. "I know! I can explain it for you!" Excited, he tore a new sheet of paper from the pad of paper the art teacher had given them. They were the only ones at this table, tucked away in the corner away from the other kids, so they didn't have to share with anyone else. A small hand dug around in the plastic bucket of crayons between them before fishing out a red, black, and two more shades of brown.

Hannibal stood and dragged his chair over to sit beside Will, fascinated by the quick sketches filling the page. Instead of the three stacked circles Will normally drew for snowmen there was a black outline of a large, blobby man. He only knew it was a snowman because of the row of buttons he'd made, stabbing the tip down and leaving three dots on his chest. "This is Frosty."

A solid line of black was drawn above his head. A shorter, fatter band of red went over it followed by a similar band, also black. "This is his magical hat. When the kids put it on his head he came to life."

His tiny brow furrowed with confusion. "How does it work?" The thought of a living blob of man shaped snow was terrible. "Where did the kids get it?"

Huffing, Will's eyes never left the drawing. "It's *magic*." He said it as though it should explain everything.

Hannibal didn't comment, instead focused on his newest additions. His finger hovered over a light brown line with a rectangle at one end, sticking out from the middle of a curved black line forming the mouth of a smiley face plus nose. "What is that?"

"He has a corncob pipe and a button nose and two eyes made out of coal." This was recited solemnly with the barest hint of a jingle poking through toward the end. And did absolutely nothing to make things clearer for him.

"I... do not think I understand." He felt frustrated for it, as though he was missing something simple that had been placed right in front of him. Which, to be fair, he was.

Will frowned mightily and set down the red, black, and light brown in favor of the two other shades on the table. "Well, let's try Rudolph. Here, I'll sing the song for you." Beginning to quietly sing a merry tune, he shifted a few inches to the left of 'Frosty' and drew another reindeer.

Hannibal did his best to extract the story being told with his soft voice, but found it too vague to make much sense. He gathered that this 'Rudolph' was an outcast for his glowing

nose until Santa needed him to pull his sleigh. The bright red circle Will had drawn for his nose seemed to be taunting him. "No, I do not think this is working. Why does his nose glow? How did he go down in history?"

"I don't know." The fingers curling around the crayon tightened. "Maybe you should just watch the movies. Everybody *else* does during the holidays."

Sanguine eyes narrowed. "It is not my fault that you are bad at explaining."

"I'm not bad at explaining! You're just bad at listening!" Angrily depositing the crayons in the plastic bucket, Will refused to look at him. It was an unpleasant reminder of how it had been when they'd first met at the beginning of the school year.

"No, I listened to everything. None of it made sense." He stared at him, wanting Will to face him again, and only grew more annoyed when he looked down to the paper instead. "In fact, this-" He yanked the page out from under his nose and stood. "-Was pointless and didn't help at all." It was crumpled up into a ball and tossed into a nearby trash can. "Your American Christmas traditions are strange and I dislike them."

For a long moment, neither of them moved. Then Will sprang out of his seat, tiny hands balled into fists at his side. He stared up at him, fuming. "Why did you do that?! Those were *my* drawings!" His thin frame bled tension. "If you hate American traditions so much then just go back to Lithuania."

That stung. Will was one of his first friends here, and Hannibal knew that he was the *only* one who could read his emotions. The hurt must have shown on his face because Will shut his mouth and took on a look of regret. "I'm-"

Cutting him off, he pushed his small chest roughly. He didn't want his apology or pity. Will stumbled back, meeting his eyes in shock. Whatever he found there seemed to make him angry. He strode forward and pushed him back.

Minutes later Hannibal was straddling him on the floor and tugging his curls while Will kicked his feet and punched his chest. The bucket of crayons had fallen to the floor and

left a rainbow of color scattered around them. The other children were yelling excitedly while the art teacher fretted and fussed uselessly, unsure of what to do. He winced as sharp nails dug into his wrist, hissing when Will tried to tug his hand away before abandoning this to grab his own blond hair. Will suddenly bucked up and rolled them onto their sides, both tangled together in a fierce brawl until finally being dragged apart when several teachers flooded the room.

He was swept up into an adult's arms, eyes refusing to leave Will as he was also picked up and carried away. His pale face was a blotchy red and his eyes watered with tears. They were focused on him, glaring with pure hatred. Now that he wasn't intent on fighting he could feel a lump forming in his throat. This stupid argument had likely just cost him his best friend.

Chapter End Notes

Prompt One: "Imagine Person A sitting Person B down to explain Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer, Frosty the Snowman, and/or Santa Claus, which Person B has never heard of (the reason is up to you). However, Person A is doing a terrible job of explaining." - x

Eye to Eye - Part 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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On the bus the next morning Hannibal was uncharacteristically nervous. After his father had been called up to the school and taken him home he had been made to answer questions about why they were fighting. When they had traced it back to Frosty the Snowman and Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer his parents had laughed so hard they cried, tears appearing in his mother's eyes as he reluctantly confessed his confusion. His father clasped his shoulder with his big, warm hand and gave a much better explanation than Will had. He'd stared down at his shoes when he had finished, feeling foolish for losing control over something so ridiculous.

Then he had mentioned that Will had said something about movies and it had been impossible to stop his parents from bundling them all up on the couch to watch. As he observed the bouncy step of the jolly snowman with Mischa perched in his lap, his father continued questioning him. Hesitantly mumbling about bunching up the drawings and giving his opinion on American Christmas, he was ashamed to see his father's firm frown.

"Hannibal, that was a very rude thing to do. Your friend was trying his best to explain something for you and share his culture. Would you like it if it had been the other way around?"

He shook his head no, the lump in his throat from earlier returning. He hadn't thought of it that way, only concerned with the mutual irritation over their misunderstanding. Glancing up seriously, he came up with a plan. "Father, I want to apologize. Can I make Will something for Christmas?"

Eyes crinkling, he smiled down at the spark in his son's. "That sounds like a wonderful idea."

Now he reached into his backpack, lifting out the two items he had created. One was a handmade card, decorated with snowflakes and Frosty and Rudolph standing around Santa. A

bold 'Dear Will,' floated above their heads. Inside was a drawing of he and Will holding hands and smiling, more snow drifting around them as well as candies and Christmas stockings. In a shade of blue that reminded him of his eyes, he had written 'I'm sorry. American Christmas is fun too. I hope we can still be friends.' In his other hand he held a plastic baggie of kūčiukai. The small sections of pastry beckoned appealingly, but he had made this batch for Will and wouldn't eat any. He hoped that he would like the slightly sweet treats and didn't have a penchant against poppy seeds.

The bus stopped and he tucked them away for safety, slipping his bag on and eagerly heading to their classroom. Will was already at their little table, back to the door. His heart hammered in his chest as he approached, eyes down while he carefully took his seat and laid his backpack on the table. Neither spoke.

"Hannibal-"

"Will-"

Startled, both looked up with wide eyes. Giggling shyly, Will quickly glanced away. "You go ahead." This was not what he'd expected, but he felt immediate relief at his light laughter.

"No, I believe you were first. You go." He smiled encouragingly.

Fiddling with his fingers, Will worried his lip. "...I'm sorry. I don't want you to go back to Lithuania, and those doodles weren't important." Leaning over his bag, which he'd already set on the floor by his chair, he fished around for a moment. "I- I made you something."

Hannibal's heart warmed as he pulled out several ornaments, made with paper drinking straws in Lithuanian tradition. There were snowflakes and stars and chains, their few imperfections making them that much more significant and lovely. "I looked up some of your traditions and thought I could make these. Did I do okay?"

He reached out to touch them, eyes softening imperceptibly. "Thank you, Will. They're perfect." From his small smile, he knew he was pleased.

Now it was his turn. Again he removed his gifts from his bag, surprising Will whose mouth fell open. "I also made you something." His nerves returned as he handed the card to him and watched him read.

He said nothing, staring at the drawing of them intently. Just when he thought he might not be forgiven Will turned to him and flew into his arms, hugging him tightly. "Of course we're still friends! Thank you." Pulling away to examine the card, he never saw the faint blush on Hannibal's cheeks. "You're really good at art. That's you and me, right?" He pointed to the two figures in the middle, looking to him for confirmation.

Nodding, he silently offered his other gift. Blue eyes jumped to the baggie with curiosity. "What are those?"

"Kūčiukai. They're a Lithuanian Christmas Eve biscuit we make for the Kūčios meal." He popped the bag open and took one out, still talking. "They are usually served with milk, but I could not bring any." Passing it to his waiting hand, he smiled when it was accepted delicately, cradled as though it were made of glass.

Will nibbled carefully, giving it his full attention. Then he grinned and took a larger bite. "This is good!" Pleased, Hannibal offered him the rest. He set the bag on the table between them, leaving it open. "You should have some too."

As he took out one of his own, Will continued to study the drawing. Eyeing their joined hands, he looked down to the one Hannibal wasn't using. He saw this from the corner of his eye and waited patiently. Soon a warm set of fingers intertwined with his own. "...Will you tell me more about Lithuanian Christmas?"

He squeezed his hand. "What would you like to know?"

"Anything."

Chapter End Notes

Prompt Two: "Imagine your OTP trying to merge holiday traditions." - x

Snowflakes Falling - Part 1

Chapter Summary

Will gets invited over to play.

Chapter Notes

Well, looks like all of these will be late, but I'm not going to wait an entire year for obvious reasons. I'm just posting what I have whenever I finish it. Merry extended Christmas...?

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The first time it happened, he ignored it. But as a warm, wet tongue licked his face once, then twice, then again and again, he groaned and squinted blearily. "Winston, down! You're not allowed on the bed."

His dog whined, but obediently jumped down to the floor. Wriggling in his blankets, he closed his eyes tight and tried to fall back to sleep. Only to feel the covers dragged off of him.

Shivering in the sudden cold, Will sat up quickly and prepared to scold his dog. "Winston-" At his tone, Winston pushed the door open and ran out, taking his blankets with him. "Hey!" Stumbling, he got to his feet and chased after him. If he managed to knock anything over his dad would get mad at *him*, and he really didn't want that. Besides, those were his favorites, dark blue with white paw prints, and if Winston ripped them he didn't know if they could find them again.

He finally managed to catch his fuzzy friend in the living room, laughing and pulling the energetic puppy to his chest. Winston's tail thumped against the floorboards, tongue lolling happily. He probably thought they were playing a game.
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After smoothing down his fur and scratching behind his ears, the blankets were released. Will jumped to his feet triumphantly and scooped them up, taking them back to his room with Winston trotting at his heels. While he looked down to him with a grin, he ran into something head first and nearly lost the sheets all over again.

A strong pair of arms kept them from falling. "Whoa there, son, slow it down a bit."

"Daddy!" He giggled as he was picked up and carried back to the living room. One side of the blankets dangled over the ground. As Winston eyed them playfully, he shook a finger at him. "Sorry if I woke you up, Winston was being a *very naughty* puppy."

His dad carefully lowered him to the couch, but not before tickling his face with the stubble on his chin. "I can see that. Want me to take these for you?" At Will's nod, his blankets were carried away. For the first time he noticed his dad's clothes.

"Hey daddy, why are you all dressed up? Where are you going?" He frowned. It was a Saturday, so he knew he didn't have work, but he didn't think they needed anything from the store either.

Walking back out, his dad headed for the kitchen and gestured for him to follow. Will padded across the cold linoleum and pulled out a chair at the small circular table in the corner. Now that he wasn't running after Winston he felt sleepy. His tiny fist rubbed the sleep out of his eye while he yawned.

His dad watched with fondness and ruffled his tangled curls. "Well, *we're* going to your friend's house."

He sat up straight, heart beating faster. "My friend?" There was only one friend he wanted it to be, but he hadn't been invited over. Still, he asked him softly. "...Hannibal?"

Pausing in his cooking, his dad glanced over with a grin. "Yep. His father called while you were sleeping. With all that snow out there, he thought you'd want to play."

Snow? Will looked out of the small window over the sink hopefully. Gasping, his eyes widened. Large, fat flakes drifted by slowly. Everything was beautiful, covered in a thick layer of fluffy white. It must have started last night after he'd gone to sleep. He started bouncing in his seat, suddenly filled with energy. "It's a winter wonderland!"

A plate of eggs and sausage appeared in front of him. His dad slid into the chair across from him, his own plate full. "I told him that was a great idea." Taking a bite of his eggs, he chewed thoughtfully. "Was I right?"

"Yeah! Can we go as soon as we're done eating?" Already in a rush, he picked up his fork and speared a piece of sausage, shoveling it into his mouth.

"Slow down, Will. You sure are fast today. It's good that you're trying to hurry, but I don't think you'd want to show up in pajamas."

Blinking, he lowered his fork, cheek bulging with food like a squirrel. He glanced down. Sure enough, he was still in his jammies, a baggy grey shirt with long sleeves and a black dog silhouette on the front and loose green pants that brushed the floor and hid the tops of his feet. The thought of wearing them to play in the snow had him shivering. He shook his head, eating much slower this time.

Nodding his approval, his dad cut into the eggs with his fork and sipped from a mug of coffee. "Oh, by the way..." He waited for his attention before smiling cheekily. "He asked about a sleep over, but I wasn't sure if you were interested..."

"Yes, yes!"

"Hmm..." He seemed unconvinced, squinting at him suspiciously.

Using his best puppy eyes, he pouted, lower lip trembling. "Please, daddy, *please?*"

"Oh, alright. I'll call him before we leave." His dad went back to eating, hiding his tiny smile behind his napkin.

"Thank you!" It was hard to eat slowly now that he was this excited, but he didn't want to make his dad unhappy. He'd never been to a sleep over before and bit his bottom lip, nervous already. At least with Hannibal there he was sure to have fun.

Snowflakes Falling - Part 2

Chapter Notes

I'm feeling productive, so I might just go ahead and write the whole thing?

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Will wiggled his fingers in his thick gloves, thinking of how strange it felt when they brushed through the waterproof fabric. Bundled up in his padded winter coat, gloves, hat, long sleeved thermal, dark jeans, *and* snow boots, he thought their car was a little too warm at the moment. Turning to his dad, he watched him peer out through the windshield as he drove with caution. "I feel all fluffy, like a marshmallow."

Laughing, he glanced away from the road long enough to reassure him seriously. "Maybe, but you're definitely the strangest marshmallow I've ever seen."

"Daddy, you know that's not what I mean." He huffed, but he was smiling. Not wanting to distract him anymore, he looked out of the window instead. The houses they were passing now were so *big*. With all of the snow covering them and still falling, they looked like castles from fairytales in places far, far away. He would rather live in his small, cozy house, unable to imagine what he'd do with all that space. Then again... He grinned. How many dogs could he keep?

"What are you smiling about back there?"

Tearing himself away from the image of a house full of dogs of every breed, he realized they had already stopped in Hannibal's driveway. Blushing, he met his dad's eyes in the rearview mirror. "Nothing."

"I hope you're done thinking about nothing, because we're here." He switched off the engine, still talking to him absentmindedly. "Now you'll remember your manners and be a
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good boy for the Lecters, won't you?"

Both opened their doors at the same time, Will's boots crunching pleasantly in the snow as he hopped out. "Yes, sir." He walked around to the back of their car to help his dad with his overnight bag.

Out of the corner of his eye, something flashed quickly. The next thing he knew a warm body pressed against his, small arms wrapping around his legs. "Will Will Will!" Startled, he nearly fell into his dad.

He looked down to find a head of golden curls at his hip. "Mischa!" Laughing, he watched her rub her face against his coat energetically. Then he noticed that she was still in her nightgown, bare feet poking out at the bottom as she pushed herself up onto her toes. "Mischa, it's cold out here! You need to go back inside." Will gently tried to pull her away, but she whined and clung even tighter than before.

Frowning, he faced his dad. "I'm sorry, can you carry my bag?" After he nodded, he scooped Mischa up and tottered toward the front door, listening to her joyful shriek. About halfway there another blond ran out.

"Mischa-" Hannibal paused, one hand on the doorframe. "Oh." He quickly came over to him and took his sister into his own arms. "I am sorry, Will. She must have heard your car."

"It's fine!" Will followed him inside, hearing his dad walk a little ways behind them. He was secretly glad that Hannibal had shown up, arms burning. "I'm used to it."

The first time he'd come over, Mischa had hid behind her brother's leg, staring up at him shyly. Then she'd surprised everyone by reaching for him. Dropping to one knee, he'd watched her scoot over to him before gradually holding out her hand to feel his curls. "Like me..." Her eyes were wide with awe. Since then it was nearly impossible to stop her from running out to greet him any time he went to their house. He'd been worried that Hannibal wouldn't like it, but it was more like he'd passed some kind of test.

Letting her go, Hannibal watched Mischa run off into their house, still giggling. Now he turned to Will, smiling. "Thank you for coming." When his dad stepped in after them and closed the door, he spotted the bag in his hand. Maroon eyes lit up. "You're sleeping over?"

"Mmhm. I- I thought you knew?" Again, he was nervous. If his friend didn't know he was staying, then maybe he wasn't supposed to be. Maybe his dad had made a mistake, or maybe-

Seeing his unconscious fidgeting, Hannibal grabbed one of his hands. "I hoped so." It was the perfect thing to say, and Will relaxed instantly. Hannibal looked back to his dad and nodded politely. "Mr. Graham, I can take that up to my room." Glancing back to Will, he gave his hand a squeeze. "Then I can put on my coat."

His dad was obviously impressed with his manners. "Sure thing, young man. Be careful now, it's a little heavy. Will had some trouble with it earlier." Neither of them were concerned, they both knew that Hannibal was much stronger than him. He took the bag and disappeared upstairs.

Just then his father came into the room. "Ah, Mr. Graham! And Will, nice to see you again." He winked down at him, shaking his dad's hand.

"Nice to see you too, Mr. Lecter." He ducked his head, still shy around both parents. Adults made him anxious. He could see what they were thinking, but they didn't like that. The Lecters were always kind to him, so he felt bad about it.

Both dads made small talk until Hannibal came back down in his own fluffy coat, somehow looking fancy in it. "Excuse me." He took Will's hand again and led him out.

Will's dad turned to Mr. Lecter, rubbing the back of his neck. "I guess I should get going. If you need me, just give me a call."

Nodding, Mr. Lecter walked him to the door, the four of them ending up on their porch. "What time will you be picking him up tomorrow morning?" Hannibal and Will listened for the answer silently.

"Anytime is fine, so whenever you're ready!" Kneeling, his dad gave him a big hug. "See you tomorrow, buddy. Are you sure you didn't forget anything?"

For the first time it really sunk in that he was staying all night. He thought back to packing his things, eyes scrunched up. Once he was sure, he opened them and smiled at his dad. "Yep!" He hugged him again, squeezing as hard as he could. "Bye, dad. I love you!"

"Love you too." His hair was ruffled one last time before his dad walked down the driveway and got in the car. He and Hannibal waved to him until he was out of sight.

Mr. Lecter had already gone back inside. Now that they were alone, Hannibal turned to him expectantly. "What do you want to do first?"

Staring out at the untouched snow, Will grinned. "Let's build a snowman."

Snowflakes Falling - Part 3

Chapter Notes

I'm gonna finish it. Sorry if all of these updates are getting annoying. One part left, I promise.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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It had sounded like a great idea at the time, but they soon discovered that it was hard work, a lot harder than it seemed on TV. They'd already rolled the biggest snowball, pushing it around the yard and leaving trails carved through the snow until they couldn't move it anymore. There had been an unspoken agreement that Hannibal would make the body while Will built the head.

He was so focused on packing the giant ball of snow that it took him a while to notice, but once he had he just couldn't contain his curiosity. "Hannibal?"

"Yes?"

"What are you humming?"

Hannibal stilled, hand hovering over a lumpy area where it had been patting. "...A Lithuanian Christmas carol. I'm sorry, I did not realize I was doing it." He finished shaping the body, hoisting it up and dropping it down on the other section.

Will was almost done with his, just needing another handful of snow or two. He scooped some up and pressed it in, smoothing it down until it blended properly. "What's it called? It sounded nice." Now he added his part, standing back to stare at the three large snow spheres. Lacking a face or arms, their snowman seemed a little empty.
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Without him mentioning it Hannibal was already searching for twigs. "Atbėga alnis devyniaragis."

Will, who'd started to dig through the snow for something to make the face, stared at him. "...Does it have words?"

Carrying two thin branches, splitting perfectly at the ends to look like hands, he tilted his head to the side. "Yes. Would you like me to sing it?" The long ends were stabbed in and adjusted until Hannibal seemed to approve.

"Only if you want to." His fingers found a curved stick that looked like a cheerful smile. He stood and pushed it into the front before dropping down to continue his search.

In answer, Hannibal started singing. *"Atbėga alnis devyniaragis, lėliu kalėda, kalėda. Ant devinto rago kavolėliai kalė, lėliu kalėda, kalėda. Jūs kavolėliai mani brolaliai, lėliu kalėda, kalėda. Tai jūs nukalkit aukselio žiedų, lėliu kalėda, kalėda. Aukselio žiedų, sidabro žirkles, lėliu kalėda, kalėda. Aš nukarpysiu pušų viršūnes, lėliu kalėda, kalėda.*"

By then Will had managed to pick up two small stones and placed them on the snowman. Still he listened quietly, entranced by the foreign words drifting through the snow-filled air.

"*Pušų viršųūnes, aglių šakele, lėliu kalėda, kalėda. Dai pamatysiu tėvulio dvarų, lėliu kalėda, kalėda. Po tėvulio dvarų povas povinėjo, lėliu kalėda, kalėda. Povas povinėjo, panas varinėjo, lėliu kalėda, kalėda. Panas varinėjo, plunksnelas rinko, lėliu kalėda, kalėda. Plunksnelas rinko, patalus pylė, lėliu kalėda, kalėda*." The song ended and Hannibal came to stand by his side. They stared at their snowman in silence.

Strangely enough, Will was the first to break it. "That was so *cool!* You're great at singing!" He turned to him but kept his eyes on the ground. "Do... do you think you could teach me?"

A look of surprise quickly gave way to one of amusement. "I can try. Here, repeat after me."

Word by word, he led him through the song. Will did his best but knew from the twitch of Hannibal's lips that he wasn't doing too good of a job. Somehow making it to the end, he knew he was blushing. "You can say it. That was terrible."

"There was... room for improvement." Now he didn't bother to hide it, grinning at him. He continued with fake innocence. "Would you like to try again?"

"No, I'd rather do..." He quickly picked up a snowball he'd secretly made earlier and threw it. "This!" It exploded against his chest in a burst of white.

Hannibal's face was frozen. Then he dropped to his knees and started packing snow. "You are going to regret that. This is war!"

Laughing, Will ran, feeling the first snowball of many thud onto the back of his jacket. He took cover and prepared his own ammunition. Peering out around the thick tree trunk, he found that Hannibal had disappeared. Then a snowball hit his feet. Hannibal had found a hiding spot behind Mr. Lecter's car hood, popping up to lob snow at him. They both threw until they ran out of snowballs before crouching down to make more.

"Kids!" Will paused with his arm raised, risking a peek at the door. Mrs. Lecter stood on the porch, clutching her arms through her robe. "It's time for dinner, come back in!"

That startled him. When had it gotten so dark? "Okay, Mrs. Lecter! Thank y-" Something cold smacked into the side of his head. He blinked with shock, chunks of snow falling from his hair.

To his left he could hear Hannibal actually laughing. "I apologize, I couldn't resist. You were wide open."

"Fair enough."

They both walked toward the house, falling into step. Waiting until Hannibal was a few steps ahead of him, Will sprung his trap. A handful of snow was shoved onto the back of his neck. Will doubled over with laughter as he yelped. "Sorry..." He smirked up at him once he'd stopped snickering long enough to catch his breath. "...Wide open."

"I suppose I deserved that." He held out his hand. "Truce?"

Will eyed him, unsure if it was a trick, but then accepted it. He was pulled to his feet. Hannibal didn't drop his hand as he led him forward. He didn't know why, but that made him happy.

Mrs. Lecter watched with hands on her hips and a smile on her face. She waited until they'd made it in to shut the door. "Who's hungry?" Will's stomach growled, answering that question. He was embarrassed, but she just nodded to him. "Come into the dining room whenever you're ready. Make sure you wash your hands."

They both began to peel off their layers, gloves and hats being tucked into pockets, coats left on hooks by the door. Will sat down on the rug to slip his feet out of his boots, knowing better than to track snow and mud through the house. As the smell of their dinner wafted through the air, he hoped they'd be eating soon.

Chapter End Notes

Prompt One: "Imagine person A of your OTP being bilingual and trying to teach person B Christmas carols in their first language." - x

You can hear Atbėga alnis devyniaragis and find the lyrics with translation here.

Snowflakes Falling - Part 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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He hadn't noticed it earlier, too busy playing, but the Lecters had already started putting up their Christmas decorations. Will knew that it was the thirteenth so it was only two weeks away. His dad always liked to wait though, preferring to put up the tree a few days before. He said it built the suspense, made the last days more exciting.

Staring at the Lecters' tree, he couldn't help but wish they could get started. His chin was propped up on his hands while he stretched out on the living room rug, kicking his feet. Dinner had been a little awkward at first, but he soon warmed up to the parents as he and Hannibal told them about their day. Now they had all drifted apart to naturally settle where they usually did. Mr. Lecter was in his study down the hall, Mrs. Lecter he wasn't sure about, Mischa and Hannibal were here with him.

So absorbed by the sparkling tinsel, Hannibal's quiet voice startled him. "...What?"

"I asked what you were thinking about."

Glancing back, he found him watching from the couch, Mischa sleeping peacefully in a blanket cocoon at his side. He turned back to the tree, one hand leaving his chin to wave at it. "Just about how pretty your tree is..." Again the thought of his dad putting theirs up and hauling out big cardboard boxes of ornaments filled his head. "...And wondering when we'll start decorating."

Careful to avoid jostling his sister, Hannibal got up and came over to him. He saw him sit cross legged by his side out of the corner of his eye. "How do *you* decorate?"

"Um..." His feet stilled and he leaned heavily against one palm. "We usually put on Christmas lights first, the colorful ones, and then white ones over that. Then we add a bunch
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of ornaments, like dogs and reindeer and Santa and these little angels." He sat back on his knees suddenly, throwing his arms up. "And then we put this big star on top, and when you turn it on it *glows!*"

Hannibal smiled, shifting to face him. "That sounds beautiful. What else do you do?"

Shrugging, he lowered his arms and put his hands on the carpet. "Not much. Sometimes we hang lights outside. There's some stuff in the attic, like this one Santa figurine that I can't play with because I might break it. My mom used to-" Will blinked, surprised by the memory. He hadn't thought about his mom in a long time. Seeing Hannibal stare at him, he continued more seriously. "...My mom used to do most of the decorating." Again he shrugged. "Oh! She used to hang mistletoe, you know, the green stuff with red berries?"

"Are you talking about holly?" Uncrossing his legs, Hannibal tilted his head. "Because mistletoe berries are white."

"What? No, it was mistletoe for sure. Mistletoe berries are red." He nodded firmly, thinking back to his dad kissing his mom whenever they walked under that doorway. It was vivid in his mind, the red bow it hung from matching the berries perfectly.

Hannibal frowned at him. "But holly berries are red, right?" At Will's slow nod, he looked back to the tree, thinking. "...Were the leaves spiky? Mistletoe is smooth."

Will opened his mouth, then shut it. "I don't remember. I just know that the berries were red."

Both stared at each other, frustrated. Finally Hannibal stood, offering Will his hand like before. "Let's ask my father. He might know."

Letting him pull him to his feet, he trailed after him. They stopped in the doorway to the study, golden light spilling into the dim hall. Hannibal continued inside, but Will waited by the door even when he looked back to him. He still wasn't comfortable with bothering Mr. Lecter while he was busy.

After he refused to budge, Hannibal went ahead and tapped his father on the shoulder. "Father, do we have any mistletoe?"

Looking away from the charcoal drawing on his desk, he raised his eyebrows. "Yes, but why do you want to know?"

"We need to look at the berries."

"We?" He leaned to the side until he finally spotted Will peering in. "*Ah,* I see. The old argument about color."

Will gaped at him. "How did you know?"

He eased back in his chair with a grin. "It's fairly common. Well, don't let me stop you." Swiveling, he went back to his sketch. "There should be some hanging up over the door in the kitchen."

"Thank you, Mr. Lecter!"

They both hurried off to the kitchen. All of the lights were off now, but there was just enough coming from the living room for them to see it hanging as they got closer. Will ran under it and peeked up hopefully, Hannibal coming to a stop beside him and doing the same.

The berries were white.

Instantly his small shoulders drooped with disappointment. "Oh. You were right, sorry."

Patting his back in an effort to comfort him, Hannibal smiled gently. "No need to apologize, Will. Perhaps you were just remembering it incorrectly."

"Yeah, maybe." He sighed, glancing up again. Then he tensed, so sudden that Hannibal froze in response.

"What is it?"

"No, I just..." Blushing, he looked to his friend. "We're under the mistletoe. Aren't we supposed to...?"

Surprise took over his features. "Oh." He studied the mistletoe silently. "No one else is around, so I do not think we have to..."

"But isn't it bad luck if we don't kiss?" He flushed at saying it out loud, but it was what he'd always heard. Besides, it was his fault that they'd ended up there in the first place, and he didn't want to give Hannibal bad luck for no reason. "It doesn't have to be on the lips, so-" Standing on his tiptoes, he darted forward and swept his bangs to the side, giving his forehead a kiss. As soon as he was done he stepped away and looked to the floor, hands linked behind his back. "That should be fine, right? Now you won't have bad luck."

The following silence made him worried that he'd upset him, so he cautiously snuck a glance. He hadn't expected to find Hannibal looking down as well, a hand over the lower half of his face failing to hide the redness of his cheeks. At that moment maroon eyes flickered up to his, crinkled at the corners with happiness. "Thank you, Will. It was kind of you to think of me."

They headed back into the living room, neither mentioning it for the rest of the evening. So neither knew what to call the strange fuzzy feeling in their chests that remained.

Chapter End Notes

Prompt Two: "Imagine your OTP+ arguing about the color of mistletoe berries." - x

Prompt Three: "Person A and person B get caught under the mistletoe when nobody is looking. Do they kiss or go their separate ways?" - x

End Notes

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